my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musitian; O she will sing the saueageneſſe out of a Beare; of so hye and plenteons wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes, —cuckold me!

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night Ile not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases, very good.

Ia. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* sure; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: — *Lod.*
welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Leiutenant *Cassio?*

Iag. Liues sir,

Des. Cousen, there's falne between him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will. —

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:
Is there Diuision twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweet *Othello?*

Oth. Deuill.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocadile:
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistresse.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir?